

# The Age & Life of M A N.

Here you may see the frailty that's in Aden,

Till they have run the years threescore and ten  
Tune of Jane Shore



1. When man is born he in a Cradle hides
7. At one time seven a Hobby-horse bestrides;
14. At two times seven a book to read withal;
21. At three times seven a Bandy and a Ball;
28. At four times seven a wife he seeks and finds
35. At five times 7 the Horn of Strength he winds:
42. At six times seven, Time standeth by him still,
49. At seven times seven, his Bag begins to fill:
56. At eight times seven his house with riches shines,
63. At nine times seven, he to the Earth inclines:
70. At ten times seven his Gla's & time is run,  
Into the earth man falls, his story's done.

**A**s I was wandring all alone  
A project then I thought upon:  
The which in my senses ran,  
that I should right the Age of man:  
Man he is Clay, and came from Earth  
and sinners live till day of death  
From one sin to another run,  
and never leaves till he's undone.  
Then fear your God make no delay  
For Time and Tide for none will stay.

The first of seven years in a Cradle,  
to stand or go he is not able,  
Whiles other creatures making scorn  
tramples him down when he is born:  
So weak he is he cannot go  
and poor is born we all do know.  
Into this world stark naked he came,  
and so shall go out of the same.  
Then fear your God,

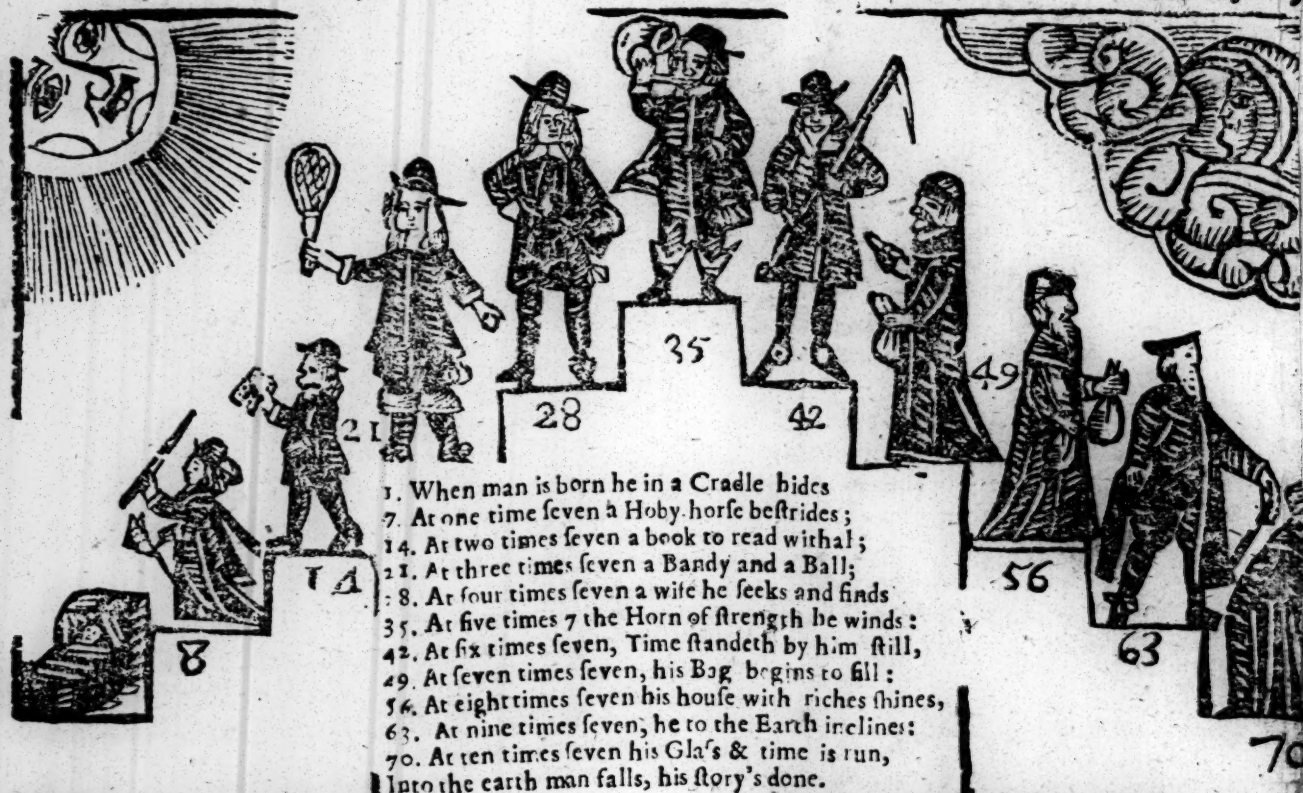
At two times seven his friends to rule  
provide for keeping him at School:  
That what to him in youth is told  
may do him good when he is old:  
But he so given is to play  
he truants most his time away:  
When Age comes on, he'll then repent,  
that he his time had so mispent.  
At three times seven he is very idle  
that all his friends cannot him bide.  
Then fear your God, make no delay,

His thoughts run wandring too & fro,  
perswade him well, you are his foe:  
In other Countreys he will roame  
and have no mind to stay at home:  
That all his friends are grieved still  
while he pursues his headstrong will.  
Then, &c.

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At four times seven a wife he gets,  
 using & mustering up his wits  
 How he should thrive he takes great pains,  
 alack for little or no gains.  
 He then to bend his senses, rowse  
 things most convenient for his house:  
 Which in time waists & fades away,  
 even so must man that is but Clay.  
 Then fear, &c.

At five times seven a charge comes on,  
 Which in the world few think upon:  
 He labours hard with right good will,  
 striving like stones against a hill:  
 Or like a flood that swiftly goes  
 At one time ebbs, another flows:  
 Even so is man that's rich to day  
 to morrow God takes all away.  
 Then fear, &c.

At six times seven then he should leave  
 and for his former folly grieve:  
 His heart is vert with sobs & sighs  
 for all his former vain delights  
 Good Husbandry he then some takes  
 bad husbandry he then forsakes:  
 And to be likes, and those bestie  
 such as do in the good husbandry  
 Then fear, &c.

At seven times seven a covetous mind  
 is all to which he is inclin'd  
 Covetous he is in himself  
 to purchase up all worldly wealth.  
 Gathering up that which is but dross  
 which may prove once to be a cross.  
 Except his talent he improve  
 towards the poor by acts of love.  
 Then fear your God, make no delay,  
 For time and tide for none will stay.

At eight times seven his cunning skill  
 striving with all his worldly will:  
 In barganing & selling then  
 making his Children might ty men.  
 Leaving behind him that which he  
 for it shall never thanked be  
 As he did gather and lay it by,  
 the Prodigal doth make it fly.  
 Then fear, &c.

At nine times seven he wares old,  
 his limbs benum'd, & veins are cold:  
 His children glad with much content,  
 their father have so good judgment:  
 So knowing is in every cause  
 his wit doth make young men to pause:  
 Yet all this world he now must leave  
 and now prepare himself for grave.  
 Then fear, &c.

At ten times seven his Glass is run,  
 and he poor soul can no way shun:  
 No, he must leave children & wife,  
 to give the world can't save his life.  
 Happy is he that liveth here,  
 and keeps his Conscience pure & clear,  
 Although in dust his body lye  
 his soul shall mount up to the Sky.  
 Then fear, &c.

Thus have I shewn from Stage to Stage,  
 the frail condition of mans age,  
 From seven to seven we pass, till when  
 we reach the years threescore & ten:  
 Let us all joyn with one accord,  
 and with due reverence fear the Lord.  
 Then may we all rejoyce and sing  
 Hallelujah to our heavenly King.

By W. Fane.